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as well as at the hospitals of Belen and Loretto, where it is well ascertained, one bomb assassinated 19 innocent persons. In all quarters perished unfortunate persons, seeking a shelter from this frightful desolation, while the wounded retaining strength enough to raise themselves, flying as cripples, and sprinkling the streets with their blood.

At the second day of the bombardment, we were without bread or meat, reduced to a ration of beans, eaten at midnight, beneath a shower of fire, and the light issuing from the projectiles. By this time, all the buildings from La Merced to the Parraquia were reduced to ashes, and the impassable streets filled with ruins, stones and projectiles. The citizens had progressively removed to the claleta side, where, up to this time, less destruction had happened, taking shelter in the streets and entries, in such numbers that there was only room to stand on their feet. But the third day the enemy alternately scattered their shot, and now every spot was a place of danger. This was the actual condition of the desolate families, suffering so much anguish, without advice, hope, sleep or food, engaged solely in preserving their lives, yet more aggravated by the reflection of the uncertain fate of their sons and brothers, remaining on the fortifications, who in turn sympathized with this condition of their parents, known to be subjected to the explosion of every bomb upon their own habitation. Most of the families, whose houses had been destroyed, had lost everything, all the property remaining to them being the clothes on their backs, because what the flames did not consume, was buried under the ruins. Hundreds of persons, as well as fathers of numerous families of children, heretofore relying upon certain incomes, to-day find themselves without a bed to lie upon, without covering or clothing to shelter them, and without any victuals.

We are yet ignorant of the exact number of our killed and wounded, but by the best data obtained, estimate both at not less than one thousand persons. The damage done to dwellings and edifices is *five or six million dollars*, which cannot be repaired for many years. These recollections fill the heart with bitterness, and the details, which we omit, will excite horror, when published by better pens. Having been a target during five entire days for six thousand or more projectiles, which separated when they exploded, forming, without counting the stones and rubbish thrown up, other elements of destruction to the amount of 2,500,000 shots. After sustaining this attack, we remain reduced to the most frightful misery, without any one knowing how to-morrow to feed his family."

It is thus our rulers have been trying to "conquer a peace," and make the Mexicans our friends! Here is a glimpse of the spirit we have roused towards us, not merely among the degraded, semi-barbarous rabble of Mexico, but among her best, most cultivated and most influential citizens. We take these accounts to be highly colored, yet presume them worthy of nearly, if not quite as much credit as the reports from our own men. The statements on both sides conspire to prove this war a piece of as arant and suicidal folly as can well be conceived.

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#### DOUGLASS JERROLD AND THE MEXICAN WAR.

It seems that Jerrold, by his condemnation of this war, had provoked from its abettors and apologists here some severe complaints; and from his answer to these, we take the following extracts:

"We have been told to 'look at that affair of Copenhagen.' We have been desired to 'run our eye along to India and China.' Does past blood-

shed justify present carnage? Are murdered thousands, green in death, and festering in the sun, less horrible, because of the slaughtered tens of thousands long since resolved into the elements of earth? Is the ghastly battle-field of to-day made less ghastly by the battle-graves of even centuries past? Can time consecrate murder? If so, let all future homicides plead the precedent of Cain.

We may, however, be permitted to reply to our transatlantic monitors, that 'we have run our eye along to India and China,' following the bloody line there tracked by massacre, and ere this journal was in existence did then — in pages very familiar to the American world — denounce the evil, and, to the best of our powers, did endeavor to separate the bloody wickedness of war from the false glory with which the craft of rulers, and the wickedness and ignorance of the ruled have, to the wrong and misery of the world, invested it. In these pages, as elsewhere, we have never lost a seemly opportunity to expose and lay bare the big bully, glory; we have never failed to attempt to resolve the military laurel into its first elements; and what are they, at the best, but blood and tears?

We have lamented the war with Mexico, and we have never scrupled to condemn the vain-gloriousness with which, in certain American prints, the success of the war has been whooped and halloosed. What, at the best, is the conquest of Mexico, but the strong succeeding against the puny? Let us even grant it to be needful, that the weak should be coerced. Should the giant blow the trumpet so very boisterously, and wear such a bush of laurel in his casque, because he has beaten *pigmies*? Surely it is difficult for a Gulliver to gather wreaths in Lilliput. America, too, has nobler victories, past and to come; let her, then,

"Turn with mild sorrow from the victor's car,  
And the low puppetry of thrones, to muse  
On that blest triumph, when the patriot sage  
Called the red lightnings from the o'er rushing cloud,  
And dashed the beauteous terrors on the earth,  
Smiling majestic!"

But, we fear, it is a too common weakness of men who only shed ink, to think the shedding of blood, with the attendant firing, and stimulus of flags, and drums, and trumpets, a glorifying employment of our kind. To these folks, war, like a sea-tempest, is a very grand sight at a distance. Thousands lying dead and wounded in the Gazette, impart a mysterious but withal a pleasurable excitement. It is otherwise, we take it, with the man who stumbles over the field itself, whose eyes are blasted with death and agony in inconceivable looks of horror, whose stomach heaves at the putrid mass, whose heart shrinks at the groans and cries of mutilated men.

The beauties of war are to be truly seen where war has done his work; in his bloody undress of wounds and gashes. Now, folks with pen and ink and paper are apt to prank the ogre in gold and scarlet, with not a feather ruffled — trim and point device; war at a review. When the sergeant gulls the recruit, he talks of glory, but not a word of wooden legs. Nevertheless, soldiers, men whose fields have been other than foolscap, are themselves apt to strip their trade to the naked truth. 'It must be confessed, gentlemen,' said Sir Harry Smith, some weeks since, when feasted by old soldiers at the Thatched House, 'that ours is a damnable profession.' No veteran denied the desolate verity. '*Ours is a damnable profession!*' This would be a significant sentence, painted in blood-red letters in every mess-room. Very hard, but very true syllables these, fluttering in the silken folds of every regimental banner."